

# The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXIII

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, OCTOBER 14, 1886.

NO 41

## POETRY.

### THE FUNERAL.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,  
When there slowly through the wind  
Came a plaintive funeral hymn;  
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,  
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.  
Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;  
On the altar was the coffin, in the coffin was a child,  
I could picture him when living—curling hair, protruding lip—  
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried southern trip.  
But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death  
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;  
And no funeral ever glistered with more sympathy profound  
Than was in the chain of tear drops that enclasped those mourners round.  
Rose a sad and old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—  
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;  
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;  
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, undying race.  
And he said: "Now don't be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay,  
For de little boy who lived dere he done gone an' run away;  
He was doin' very fine, and he 'prelate your love.  
But his 'sire' nuff Father want him in de large house up above.  
"Now he didn't give you dat baby by a hundred thousand mile!  
He just think you need some sunshine, and he lend it for a while;  
An' he let you keep an' love it till your hearts was bigger growin'.  
An' dese bitter tears you're sheddin'—suppose lks Robins had told her about my engagement, and she tenned me about being afraid of my sweet heart.  
"Such a good, prim little thing," she would say. "Is she dreadfully shocked at me? Does she think I am a flirt?"—as she pray for me in meeting."  
I felt angry, but yet I was piqued into proving myself free to do as I liked. At a little evening party, to which we were asked, I danced five dances with her, and when, at last, my conscience smote me, and I went to look for Dolly, I found she had gone home.  
"She said her pa wanted her," said Mrs. Robins; "but I tell you plainly, James Gardner, I don't believe it; and for my part, I don't see what people can find to admire in that impudent New York girl. If my Tilly behaved like her, I'd shut her up on bread and water until she reformed."  
I hurried away, but the parsonage was shut up when I got there, and I spent an hour walking up and down before the house, staring at the dark windows.  
The time seemed very long until the next evening, and I went over to the parsonage very early; but Dolly was not there.  
"She's gone to spend the evening somewhere," said the dominie, kindly. "I suppose she forgot to leave word for you to come for her. She isn't very well, either; a cold, I suppose. I know I generally caught cold at a party when I was young and attended such entertainments. I hope she'll be careful. Her poor mother died of consumption."  
My heart gave a great leap.  
I thought of Dolly ill, dying, even dead, and I went out into the kitchen to ask the servant if Dolly left any message for me.  
"She said she wouldn't be home to-night," answered Nora; "at least, this evening, I mean, and she did not leave word where she was gone."  
Nora understood, I saw. I felt terribly injured, and I made up my mind to revenge myself by spending the evening with Sally Gray.  
She was at home, the servant girl said, and I found her waiting in the parlor for me. We had it to ourselves. Mrs. Robins never came in, no, any of the other boarders; indeed, it was now growing late in the season, and they were almost all gone away. If I never knew how to flirt before, Sally Gray taught me how that night, and when I took leave of her I was imprudent enough to tell her I should like to kiss her.  
"Do it, if you desire," said she.  
And then! Yes, I kissed her; and as I did it the door opened, and we started apart, and there stood Dolly. She had seen it all.  
"I left my bonnet here," she said.  
"Mr. Isaac is going home with me, and I came to get it. Sorry to disturb you."  
She was cool and contemptuous. She tied her bonnet on at the glass, and she looked at me with a cold eye.

chosen a daughter-in-law to suit them better, and all they asked was that we should wait a little while.  
"My daughter is not 17 years yet," said the dominie. "You must not be in a hurry to take her from me."  
"Wait two years and you will be three-and-twenty, and I'll give you the river farm and build you a house," said father.  
Our course of true love seemed to be running very smooth indeed, and I would have staked my life and soul, a pretty heavy stake, on my constancy, but somehow, I think a man thought we were too happy, and laid a trap for me.  
Dr. Robins' widow, a managing woman with a big house, was in the habit of taking summer boarders, and every year a lot of city strangers wandered about the place from June to September.  
When Dolly and I had been engaged about a year and a half, the widow had thirty boarders in her house, and Ike and Edwin and all the male help slept in the barn.  
There was one young lady there, a Miss Sally Gray, so pretty that every one who saw her was talking about her. And I was introduced to her. Some women have a way of making a man set against his better judgment. She was one of them. I did not mean to flirt with her, but I did. I did not mean to meet her in shady lanes, and the quiet wood paths, but we met. She knew (I suppose lks Robins had told her) about my engagement, and she tenned me about being afraid of my sweet heart.  
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shoulders, and went out. Next day she broke our engagement and sent me back my ring.  
The next week I left home and went away to sea. Some one had told me that Dolly was going to marry lks Robins.  
Mother wrote to me often and never mentioned Dolly and I never asked about her. I lived with men, generally on the sea, and had no thought of liking or caring for any woman. I always intended to go home and see the old folks, but they died of a fever within two days of each other, and a stranger sent me the news.  
Lawyer Dredgers saw to the estate, and did what I asked him to do with the money. I did not need it, then, but it would keep me from being a beggar in my old age; and still I sailed the sea, until when forty years old an accident happened to me, which came near being my death, it did not kill me nor cripple me, but I was no longer fit for a sailor's life, and there was nothing left for me but to settle down on land and live on my money; and so I went home at last to talk to Lawyer Dredgers, and get his advice.  
I felt very sad as I walked through the village. My parents were dead, no one remembered me; I had not a friend in the place.  
The lawyer had done his best to make my money profitable to me, and I was richer than I dreamed. When all the business was over I took a moonlight stroll through the street. It was twenty years since the night I kissed Sally Gray, and lost my love by it; but nothing had altered in the outward aspect of the place.  
People were sitting on their porches as of yore; the same flowers seemed to bloom in the gardens; the same longers to stand about the garden gates. It was odd to think that the girls might be the daughters of those I knew.  
There stood the church; there the parsonage. I walked toward it. The windows of the sitting room were open. I drew softly near and peeped in.  
The old clock ticked in the corner. The old rug carpet was either the same or another just like it. There was only one blue vase on the mantel. I suppose the other had been broken; but there were the profiles of Grandpa and Grandma Wheeler over the escutcheon.  
There was Domine Wheeler, looking very much older, sitting exactly as used to sit beside the table, his red handkerchief over his knees, a cup of tea in his hands.  
"Dolly," he said.  
And from an inner room came a woman, large, handsome and high colored, who said:  
"Well, father?"  
Could it be my slim young Dolly? Yes, it was. She was very fine looking now and she looked so matronly that I immediately concluded that she was Mrs. Isaac Robins.  
Still I could not leave the window "It was my one glimpse of her," I said to myself, "for years past and years to come."  
"Well, father?" she said.  
And turned smiling toward him.  
"I've been thinking it over, Dolly," he said. "I think it would be best for you to marry. I am eighty. I cannot live long. You had better marry Mr. Brabam. He is very fond of you. You like him, I am sure. Is it for my sake you say no?"  
She bent over him and put her hands on her shoulders.  
"Father," she said, "I am going to tell you the truth, a thing a woman seldom does in these matters, I should not have to leave you; so it is not for your sake, much as I love you. But I do not care for Mr. Brabam. I have only cared for one man in my life—my first love, James Gardner. I had sent him away from me, and he had done very wrong; but I think now that we both loved each other. I know that, even now, I cannot forget him while I live."  
There were tears in her eyes; she brushed them away. In another moment I was at the door; she opened it, I held out both my hands. Those were Dolly's girlish eyes that looked at me, and I caught her in my arms.  
"I have come back to be forgiven," Dolly said, and I saw that I had not come in vain.

Great Things to be Seen in America.  
A leading journal strikes a true chord when it asks the question: "Is it in order to see walled towns that they (the intending traveler) would have gone to Europe? Where will they come across one more to their mind than in the Gibraltar of America, where Quebec sits on her rock overlooking her mighty river with a view that has few rivals in the world, with her ramparts and citadel, her medieval streets and dwellings, her cathedrals and convents, and strange schools and foreign tongues and immortal histories? Is it only ancient cities they desire? Then there is St. Augustine among its palm-trees beside the sea, almost at the extremity of the continent and almost as old as the discovery of the continent. Is it the tropical beauty of landscape and weather they would have? Not all the soft-vapored cities by the Mediterranean will offer them more than Savannah and the Sea Islands.  
"Is it foreign life they want? Where will anything more alien to all our northern and eastern experience be seen or heard than in the Rue Royale and the Rue Bourbon, at the French market or at the Spanish Fort of New Orleans, with its mocking-birds and maguolias, where, as late as the middle of June, gardens full of jasmine and oleanders, cape myrtles and palms, with moonlight that might be the northern sun filtered through domes of crystals, make one doubt if it be plain, matter-of-fact, progressive America? Or where will more quaintness and delight be seen than in the Texas town of San Antonio, where the roses lie on the red roofs of the long and low dwellings, where the balconies are latticed with the vine of the night-blooming cereus, where the banana trees bloom in the street, strong, sweet southeast gales, and the lanes are lined with figs and apricots, and one walks under avenues of stately pecans, where forests draped in melancholy moods, swaying heavily, make the landscape all unreal; where grapevines inarise the thickets with stems the size of forest trees themselves, where the priests go about with flocks of little children clinging to their skirts, and where the ruins of the old missions rival in sculptured wonder many ruins of old Spain? Or is it absolute Spain itself that our friends would travel over? Let them cross the Rio Grande by rail, and in Chihuahua and Sonora and the heart of Mexico they have reached much that Mexico old Spain; they have found the old Spain of 400 years ago, and have gone there dryshod.  
"Do our travelers want deserts and thirt for their summer experience? They will find deserts in Arizona rivaling all Africa, with colors and mirages that even the Sahel does not give. Do they want for mountain climbing? If the White Mountains and the Alleghanies do not offer difficulties enough, are there not Mount St. Elias, with its 17,000 feet of altitude, Shasta and Whitney, the terribly obstructed heights of Sogris and of Snow Mass Peak, all the wild summits of the Sierras, the fearful beauty of the Yellowstone park, and the wild grandeur, too lovely to be terrible, of the Yosemite? And do the Danube, the Rhine, the Nile allure? Then shall not the waters of the Hudson, with its picturesque reaches, of the Mississippi, with its breadth of volume, of the Columbia, with its gorges and cataracts, wash out all memory of lesser and less beautiful streams.  
"Where, for mere beauty, for the delight of the eye, can all Europe show us anything like a blossoming prairie through which we may ride all day and never come to the end of the blossoming? And what hoary antiquity to charm the thought back to the source of races has Europe to offer that shall outdo the ancientness of the ruins of our prehistoric people in the heart of the continent? In fact, America is so full of historic interest and picturesque loveliness that it is wonderful anybody should wish to visit Europe at all before exhausting it; and if anything happens to deter people from crossing the ocean and incites them to become acquainted with their own territory, they cannot be the losers by it."  
Chicago Western World.

CAPT. BOGGS'S TRICK  
Captain Boggs, a Virginian, who held a Captain's license on the Mississippi River before he was of age, and who for fourteen years had the contract to supply the military posts in Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona with fuel, tells the following story:  
"I was down in the Ute reservation in Colorado and had strolled down to the shores of a small lake, while my mules and teamsters were eating dinner, when I came across a party of about a dozen Indians. They were armed with rifles, and were shooting at a snag which stuck out of the water about 200 yards distant. The stakes for which they were shooting were composed of a quarter of a dollar from each man, and then decided to enter the competition. Each man had three shots and the man who hit the snag the most times won the pot. The misses were told by the splashes in the water; the hits by the absence of the splash.  
After some parley with the Redskins I got them to allow me to enter the match, though they compelled me to deposit half a dollar, while they put in but a quarter. I had a heavy repeater with me that, fortunately for my purpose, was then unloaded. I was accounted one of the best shots in that country, but knew that the Indians were by no means slow. I slipped three cartridges into my rifle, and as I did so I broke the ball off, thus leaving a blank cartridge. Of course no splash followed any of my shots, and the Indians thought I had hit the snag every time. I won that pot, but the next time I intentionally lost by not breaking the balls off and by taking indifferent aim.  
"I then broke all the balls off until I had won \$18. Then the Indians who began to look at me with suspicion or awe, refused to shoot any more. I invited them up to the store, and spent the money on knick knacks which I divided among them. I then took them back to the lake and showed them the trick. They were much surprised, but took it in good part.  
"On returning that way a few days after I found the same Indians on the lake shore, shooting a big match game with a neighboring tribe, whom they were rapidly bleating out of everything. I learned that they 'skinned' every Indian in the country that they could get to shoot against them. I said nothing, but caused on the readiness of the savage to adopt the white man's tricks."  
Good Results in Every Case.  
D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "I have been seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on my lungs; but tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial bottles free at G. M. Shindel's Drug Store.  
Drinking water sells from ten to fifteen cents per barrel at Sardinia, Texas.  
Mrs. General Custer is now devoting herself to writing the biography of her gallant husband.  
In a convict camp in Georgia there are 86 negro convicts, of whom 35 are preachers.  
A San Jose, Cal., wife recently gave her husband \$500 on condition that he would leave the State.  
A pigeon owned in Bro. Kiv, N. Y., made the flight from Montgomery, Ala., 875 miles, in ten days, beating all previous records.  
The population of New York city doubled itself every 17 years between 1820 and 1880, and is now increasing at the rate of 75,000 per year.  
In one year the people of this country use about 150,000,000 steel pens. If placed in line the pens would reach from New York to Liverpool.  
They have a rug at Cottage City, N. J., made in the year 691, or 15 years ago. It is a pretty old relic, and was obtained from the Mosque.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me."  
—H. A. Acheson, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Eruptive Eruptions, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CHASE COMPANY, 128 Fulton Street, N. Y.

### Attorneys-At-Law.

**J. M. STEESE,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Middleburgh, Penn'a.  
Offers his professional services to the public. Promptly attended to. Office a few doors east of the Post-Office.

**JAMES G. CROUSE,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
MIDDLEBURGH, PA.  
All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Consultation in German and English.

**JACOB GILBERT,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
MIDDLEBURGH, PA.  
Collections and all other business promptly attended to. Consultation in English and German.

**W. M. E. HOUSWERTH,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
SKELLSGROVE, PA.  
Collections and all other legal business promptly attended to. Consultation in English and German.

**A. H. DILL,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Lewistown, Penn'a.  
All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

**H. G. DEITRICH,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
222 Market St., Skellogrove, Pa.  
All professional business promptly attended to. Consultation in English and German.

**A. E. BOWER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
Middleburgh, Pa.  
Collections made. Consultation in English and German.

**CHAS. P. ULRICH,**  
Attorney & Counselor-At-Law  
Office in App's Building one door North of Key-Stone Hotel.  
Sellingrove, Penn'a.  
Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main St., July 4, 1886.

**T. J. SMITH,** ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PA.  
Offers his professional services to the public. Consultation in English and German.

**A. W. POTTER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Sellingrove, Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the public. All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main St., July 4, 1886.

**H. H. GRIMM,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Middleburgh, Pa.  
Consultation in both English and German languages.

**JOHN H. ARNOLD,**  
Attorney at Law,  
MIDDLEBURGH, PA.  
Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

**SAMUEL H. ORWIG,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Lewistown, Union Co., Pa.  
Office on Market Street, one door east of Court House.

**JOHN K. HUGHES,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Keweenaw, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Collections promptly made.

Physicians, &c.

**JOHN V. FISHER, M. D.**  
Middleburgh, Penn'a.  
A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, offers his professional services to the English and German. Office in Mr. G. Acheson's North of the Court House.

**H. J. SMITH,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Rever Springs, Snyder County, Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the public. Office on Main street.

**J. W. SAMPSEL,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Centerville, Penn'a.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centerville and vicinity.

**I. GRIER BARBER,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Middleburgh, Penn'a.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburgh and vicinity.

### POSITIVE PROOFS.

In other advertisements we have said that the Russian Rheumatism Cure was a specific for Rheumatism, and all its attendant aches and pains. Those who have tried it, and who present some Positive Proofs:

"I could not ask anything more to the point than this from Mr. H. E. WALTER, a prominent merchant of Brookfield, Mo., who writes Feb. 26, '86: "When in Europe, two years ago, I tried hard to get relief from the rheumatism which afflicted me. I tried all the remedies I could get, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I then tried your Rheumatism Cure, and in a few days I was free from the disease. I have since used it several times, and it has cured me every time. I will call on all parties that address me at Penn. Creek, Snyder County, Pa. Jan. 21, '86."

"I have read your circular. The country is full of patients who are in need of relief from Rheumatism. I have a number of patients who are suffering from this disease, and I have used your Rheumatism Cure, and it has cured them all. I will call on all parties that address me at Penn. Creek, Snyder County, Pa. Jan. 21, '86."

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**PFELZER BROS. & CO.**  
119-121 Market Street, Philadelphia.  
Price \$2.50. If mailed the additional postage is added. One box does the business.

### BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

WHAT IS IT?  
A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but boldly warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpid liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition of the System, requiring a prompt and permanent tonic, it never fails to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any purchaser who is not benefited by its use.

PRICE, \$1.00.

**FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Props.,**  
BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

### THE LIGHTNING SEWING MACHINE

SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

PERFECT SATISFACTION

New Home Sewing Machine Co.  
—ORANGE, MASS.—  
30 Union Square, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo. Atlanta, Ga.

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